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Memorial and Peace Day

Memorial and Peace Day

May Thirtieth
1931

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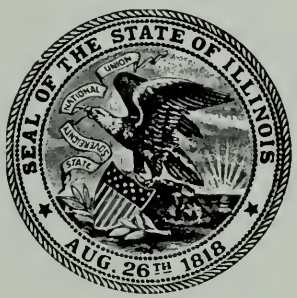

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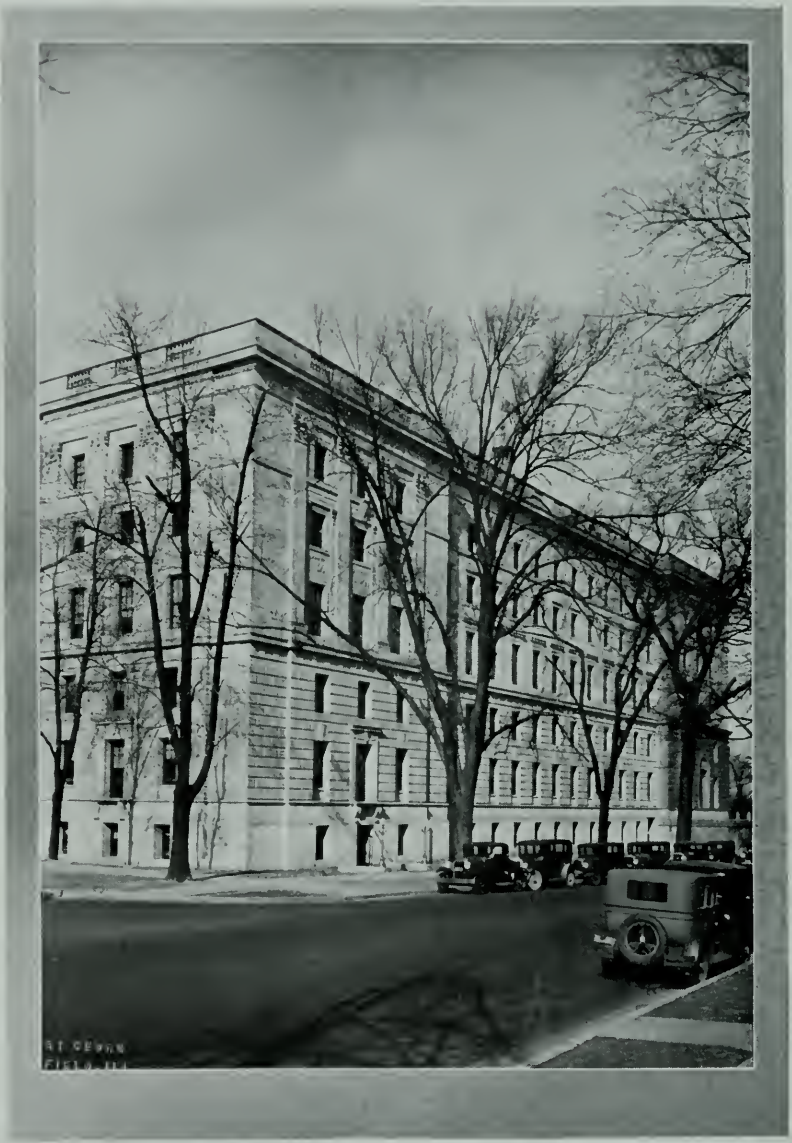


—Herbert Georg.

CENTENNIAL BUILDING ADDITION.

New addition to Centennial building on Capitol grounds at Springfield recently completed at a cost of $750,000. It houses offices of many departments, including the Illinois Commerce Commission and the State Highway Department.

To all Observers of Memorial Day:

When General John A. Logan of Illinois was Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, he issued orders that an American flag should be placed on the grave of every comrade on the thirtieth day of May. This was the origin of our Memorial Day. In the years immediately following its establishment, Memorial Day was very widely and very generally observed by the decoration of the soldiers graves with flags and flowers and by appropriate patriotic services. General Logan could not have foreseen that in time more and more people would adopt the custom of decorating the graves of all their friends and relatives on the day set aside as Decoration Day. This custom has continued to spread until Mrs. J. T. Darling, President of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Patriotism, complains that it is no longer possible to distinguish the graves of soldiers from the graves of others in any cemetery because both flags and flowers are so generally used for decorating the graves of all. Her organization has tried to secure some particular marking of the staff of the flag placed upon a soldier's grave so as to give it some special significance. Even this plan has failed because the makers of flags for Decoration Day have proceeded upon the theory that all flags used on that day should have the same distinguishing mark.

The original purpose of Memorial Day was to pay a tribute of respect to those soldiers who had given their services, if not their lives, to preserve the nation and its flag. While every patriotic organization rejoices that the spirit of Memorial Day has spread until the graves of all are decorated on that day, if there is any way by which the use of the flag can be limited to the decorating of the graves of soldiers, it would continue the original purpose of Memorial Day.

F. G. Blair

Superintendent.

—Pacific & Atlantic.

CAPTAIN R. D. PARKER, AGE 83, LEADS THE MEMORIAL DAY PARADE DOWN MICHIGAN AVENUE IN CHICAGO.

PLACE OF SPECIAL DAYS.

Days set aside in the life of an individual, such as birthdays, anniversaries of weddings, and Memorial Days, may all have deep meaning.

In a larger way, the observance of general holidays may be made to give pleasure, to afford stimulation, and to teach useful lessons.

Every nation has its special days, so in national life the holidays and days which are made out-standing afford the index by which national character may be gauged. "A nation", declared W. Bourke Cochran, "may be known by its festivals."

In present observance of Special Days we may well learn lessons from medieval experience.

Too many Special Days, and too pointless observance of them, may defeat the very end for which Special Days are set aside.

Fewer of these days, with more emphasis on their real significance, would seem greatly to be preferred.

A Special Day committee can often discharge a useful function in devising exercises which shall give suitable recognition to the succession of Special Days. The celebration of these days be not permitted to swallow up the entire time of the school session.

Through the celebration of Special Days there is a splendid chance to promote ideals, develop loyalty, and create a helpful school spirit.

Anniversaries are times to recount the achievements of earlier times, and to emphasize the significance of great men or great events. The minds of young and old alike are open to new truth when presented in holiday guise. Similarly we find most precious the truth which we have last heard. In this peculiar way holidays bring a succession of needed lessons and contribute to the pleasures of life.

—*From Outstanding Days.*

MEMORIAL DAY.

ANONYMOUS.

Memorial Day, with its sad and sacred memories has again come, and as each new one makes it advent, we recall anew the great and tragic events that made the occasion for the day.

Time in his rapid flight has borne us on from the close of the great Civil War, in which thousands of lives were sacrificed and billions of treasure expended to save our country from dismemberment.

Those who participated as soldiers on both sides, who are still living, fraternize with each other as brothers and fellow-citizens of one common country, on whose glorious banner is inscribed forever, E. pluribus unum.

Let the graves of the dead soldiers be decorated with flowers and wreaths of laurel and memory of their noble deeds reviewed anew.

WHEN THE BOYS IN BLUE ARE GONE.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

I.

When the comrades have departed,
When the Veteran's are no more,
When the bugle call has sounded
On that everlasting shore;
When life's weary research is ended,
When the camp fires slumber long,
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

II.

Who will tell about the marching
From Atlanta to the sea,
Who will halt, and wait, and listen,
When they hear the reveille,
Who will join to swell the chorus
Of some Old Grand Army song,
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

III.

Who will tell of Appomattox,
And the glory that they won;
When defeat was on their banner,
Who will tell about Bull Run;
What in prison-pen they suffered
How they watched and waited long,
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone

IV.

Who will tell about enlisting
Of three hundred thousand men,
How they rallied 'round the banner,
How they sent it to the foe;
How they crushed that hoard of traitor's,
How they fought against the wrong;
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

V.

Who will tell of Abraham Lincoln,
When he held the wheel of state;
Who will rise to act his greatness,
As the chief among the great,
Who will tell of Grant and Sherman,
And that patriotic throng;
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

VI.

Will our children's children tell it,
Will they tell about the foe
That their grand-sires met in battle,
Fought so many years ago;
Will they cherish dear "Old Glory",
Will they learn to love it long;
Who will tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone?

VII.

We must tell the story, sister
Just as long as life is spared;
We must never be unmindful
What the soldier did and dared;
We must hold aloft that banner
For its splendid laurels won;
We must tell the world the story, sisters
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

VIII.

Sons and daughters of this Nation,
You must tell of triumphs won
When on earth our work is ended,
And the Veteran claims his own;
You must cherish dear "Old Glory,"
And its teachings pass along;
You must tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

IX.

By that flag, "Our Country's emblem,"
You must pledge allegiance new
So its glorious, splendid mission
May your heart, beat ever true,
That the Nation 'll be protected
'Gainst injustice and all wrong;
You must tell the world the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

X.

You must keep each star unblemished,
And its stripes, without a stain;
You must take the Veteran's place,
And repeat their roll of fame;
You must keep our country's honor,
And the flag above the wrong,
We will trust you with the story
When the Boys in Blue are gone.

—Used at Edinburg, May 30th, 1930.

THE SERVICE FLAG.

RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

These are the stars that burn wherever glows
The faith of clear-eyed boys in things sublime,—
The gospel of the heart of youth, that knows
How petty are the goods of space and time,
How small the single life, the truth how high,
How many things are darker than to die.

These are the sons of United States, who go forth
For us, yet not for us, but for the world;
From Orient isles, from East and South and North,
They have caught the vision—a new flag unfurled,—
Not our, nor England's: in the air fly free
The streaming colors of Humanity.

This is the shrine where we shall hold them dear,
Where prayers shall rise, remembering, when they ride
Among the fiends of ocean, or draw near
The vales of blood upon the further side;
Howe'er so long their road—to hell's own bar—
The angels of our love will follow far.

And this the place where, on some day of days,
Each star shall gleam to give them welcome home,
When drums and hearts shall beat in echoing praise,
As our victorious soldiers trooping come,
Boasting no booty, nor revenge undreamed,—
Their only glory or pelf a world redeemed.

And if a softer note, that day, we lift
For those who come not back to greet our eyes,
Theirs, we shall know, is the diviner gift,
The golden star—the crown of sacrifice;
For them thrice gloriously the flag shall fly,
Who once for man, for God, had dared to die.

"A good character is first essential in a man. It is therefore highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous."

—Hostettler's Studio, Ottawa, Illinois.

CAPTAIN GLENN W. WEESE.

—Rosamund Blanchard.

SALUTE WITH MASSED COLORS AT MEMORIAL TREE.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES TO CAPTAIN GLENN W. WEESE.

Automobiles carrying more than a hundred Ottawa people; American Legionairies and Auxiliary, representatives of Spanish American War Corps, Red Cross and various other organizations, left the Legion Hall at 9:00 o'clock Sunday morning, July 14th, 1929 on a pilgrimage to the Illinois Soldiers' Orphan Home at Normal, to place a permanent marker at the foot of the memorial tree recently planted there in honor of Captain Glenn W. Weese, First Commander of Ottawa Post Number 33.

The day was one that will be long remembered by all those taking part in the pilgrimage to the first memorial tree at the Soldiers' Orphan Home.

A granite boulder with bronze tablet bearing the simple inscription,

This Tree
Is Dedicated To
Glenn W. Weese,

was laid with simple impressive ceremony. The color guard of the Ottawa Post standing at Salute, while the Orphans Band, rendered the beautiful majestic National Anthem, The Star Spangled Banner.

The dedication address was given by Attorney Thomas O'Meara, Junior Vice Commander of the Department of Illinois, American Legion. He explained the purpose of the pilgrimage and paid a splendid tribute to the character of the much loved and talented Ottawa Hero, whose brief life had been an unbroken demonstration of kindliness and goodwill in service to his friends and comrades. In his inimitable style O'Meara continued.

"Since the earliest days of recorded history men have erected memorials to perpetuate their memory. In ages past, these monuments were erected during the life time of the men themselves in order that the world might have a record of their having lived.

"The Pyramids were built in the Valley of the Nile as the tombs and monuments to the memory of the rulers of Egypt, yet they stand today as colossal monuments of an age of slavery and the vanity of man—while the names of the rulers who built them are forgotten.

"We chose rather to adopt the tree, the oldest living thing upon the face of the earth, as the most expressive testimonial of love and memory. It is particularly fitting that we dedicate this tree as a living tribute to the memory of our own beloved "Buddy" Glenn W. Weese. It is appropriate that the tree be planted here, at the site of the Illinois Soldiers' Orphans Home, the building up of which has been one of the great aims and ambitions of the American Legion.

AIRPLANE VIEW OF ILLINOIS SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' HOME AT NORMAL.

"This is a ceremonial in which every real friend of Ottawa Post Number 33 should join today. No one familiar with the early days of the World War can fail to recall the patriotic enthusiasm and devotion which characterized Glenn Weese, and which never wavered in contact with the enemy on the Western Front. No ex-service man can be without a thorough realization of his great service in organizing and developing Ottawa Post Number 33 of which he was the first Commander.

"While he was always in failing health following the great war,—especially so, after his service in Haiti as Captain of Marines where he held the office of Judge Advocate,—he was ever mindful of his obligations to his comrades. With an abiding devotion to their ideals, their cause and their needs, with warm sympathy and deep concern for their welfare no task was too heavy for him to assume for them. In the state of declining health at the time of the Ottawa memorial to his friend and comrade Lt. Will Raymond, killed at Blangy—Trouville in front of Amiens,—Vellers—Bretonneaux sector.—He journeyed from Washington, D. C. to give the dedicatory address, which was a master piece never to be forgotten by those who heard it. Yet, while recognized as an orator of exceptional ability, brilliant and forceful with an appealing and compelling personality, his most remarkable and outstanding characteristics was his absolute and unfailing charitableness and tolerance toward others. Because of this fine quality of heart and soul the ex-service men and the people of our community admired and loved him. And there can be no more beautiful tribute to his memory than this symbol so exquisitely portrayed by our comrade soldier-poet, Joyce Kilmer.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed,
Against the Earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear,
A nest of robbins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain;

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

What then could be more fitting than that we dedicate this growing contribution to the beauty of the earth and the glory of nature to our faithful friend comrade, one of God's Noble Men—Glenn W. Weese."

—Rosamund Blanchard.

SCENES OF CEREMONY AT MEMORIAL EXERCISES TO CAPTAIN GLENN W. WEESE.

—Pacific & Atlantic.

MASSED COLORS OF AMERICAN LEGION POSTS CROSSING MICHIGAN AVENUE BRIDGE DURING CHICAGO MEMORIAL DAY PARADE.

THEY'RE COMING HOME.

JOHN KEARNS.

They're coming back to God's own ground,
Who went so bravely at the call
Across the world in cause profound
To conquer, and, perhaps, to fall.

The loved ones whom we yielded sadly
Up to shrouded time and space,
We'll see again, and welcome gladly
Hand to hand, and face to face.

We tho't them dead when forth they marched,
So weak burned hope in every breast;
And life before us lay a parched
And dreary plain of days unblest.

We reckoned not with whom we dealt—
The lamentations and regret,
The grief and racking woe we felt
May he forgive, and we forget!

The greeting they received in France
Let's duplicate at home today;
And trust there be no future chance
Of strife on earth, but peace alway.

Tho' here and there 'mid those we claim
We seek in vain for one or more
Who never here will breath our name
Again, or enter at our door—

They, too, return—they are not dead!
If some lie resting from their care
In hallowed sod on which they bled,
There souls come back to native air.

They are not far away who died
In spreading Freedom's holy flame;
They linger 'round us and beside
The tapers lighted in their name.

Thus speaks the reverence that dwells
Deep in our hearts beneath the noise
Of drums and cartridges and bells
That welcomes home our Soldier Boys.

—Pacific & Atlantic.

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE IN CHICAGO.

MRS. CYNTHIA CAMP BRASFIELD.

TO CYNTHIA CAMP BRASFIELD ON HER 83RD BIRTHDAY.

A. L. Whittenberg.
Illustrations by Mrs. Leslie J. Pulliam.

On the third day of March in Forty-eight
At the close of the Mexican war
The armies of Generals Taylor and Scott
Were returning from fields afar
With stories of glorious victories won—
Stories of how Santa Ana ran,
And children listened with bated breath
To tales of bravery, carnage and death—
Of the soldier facing the cannon's mouth
On the battle fields of our new won south.
Both old and young in proud acclaim
Saluted the flag and felt the flame
Of zealous patriotic fervor—
One vast domain from ocean to ocean
Welded by Columbian's devotion
So strong no enemy can sever.
On that March night so long ago
The angel of life came hovering, low
To a humble home near Canton town
And gently laid its burden down
And the midwife lighted the tallow lamp
And told of the birth of Cynthia Camp.

TOLD OF THE BIRTH OF
CYNTHIA CAMP.

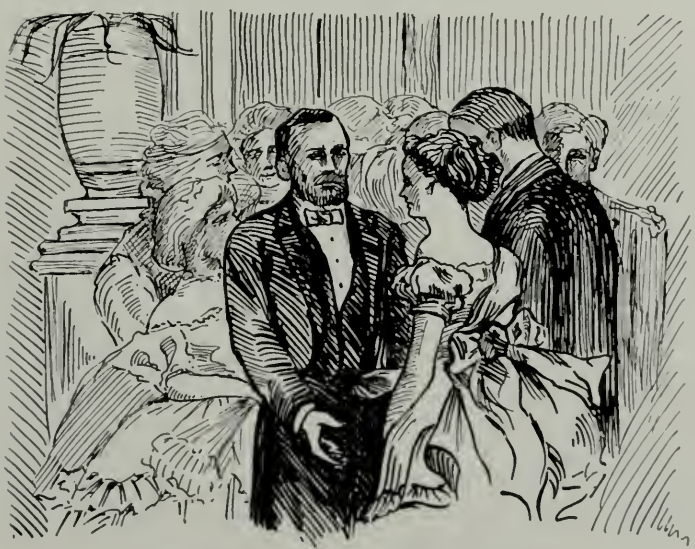
In Eighteen and sixty Cynthia saw
Her fellow citizens marching down
The narrow streets of the county town
Waving the flag and shouting the name
Of Lincoln for President. His fame
Had fired the heart of the little girl.
When she saw the stars and stripes unfurl
She sweetly whispered her childish thanks
For permission, and proudly joined the ranks.

"LINCOLN FOR PRESIDENT."

Again the soldiers' trumpets blew.
She saw her neighbors clad in blue
Accoutered and armored for the fray,
Sadly, but proudly march away.
Oft through the war, she faced the east
With upturned eyes and heaving breast
And devoutly offered a fervent prayer
For the troubled Lincoln sitting there.
In upholding him, she had a share.

SHE FACED THE EAST.

The Quaker City of Brotherly Love
Invited the sons of North and South
And East and West, and all the world
To celebrate a hundred years
Since the stars and stripes were first unfurled.
Here Cynthia came, (with smiles and tears
That only brides have fully known
Ere rapturous honeymoon has flown)
And Thomas her husband. Here they saw
The wheels of progress turn by law.
They marveled at the stupendous plant.
They were introduced to President Grant.



INTRODUCED TO GENERAL GRANT.

Twice since, the clouds of war obscured
The heavens for Cynthia. She endured
The pangs of sorrow and of grief.
Her faith has always brought relief.
Her years have run to eighty-three.
She lives, today, triumphant, free,
Clothed in sweet humility,
With prayers for weak humanity,
And faith in God's eternity.

Springfield, Illinois, March 3, 1931.

CLOTHED IN SWEET HUMILITY.

Cynthia Camp was born near Canton, Fulton County Illinois, on March 3, 1848.

In the presidential campaign of 1860 she asked permission to join in the march of her neighbors who were carrying Lincoln's banner.

In 1876 as the bride of Thomas Brasfield she went to the Centennial celebration on her honeymoon and was introduced to President Grant.

Born in the environment of the Mexican War. her 83 years have encompassed the Civil War, the Spanish American War, the World War and that marvelous period of industrial and educational development in American life without a parallel in other times or among other people.

Mrs. Brasfield lives with her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Barker, at 624 South State Street, Springfield, Illinois.

A LETTER.

B. J. Radford.

B. J. Radford, 92 years of age, resides in Eureka, Illinois. He was at one time a professor in Eureka College. Cynthia Camp attended Eureka College at the time that Mr. Radford was one of the professors. Under date of March 16, 1931 Mr. Radford wrote with his own hand a four page letter to Mrs. Cynthia Camp Brasfield. The handwriting is excellent, the punctuation and English are faultless and the subject matter full of interest. A copy of the letter follows:

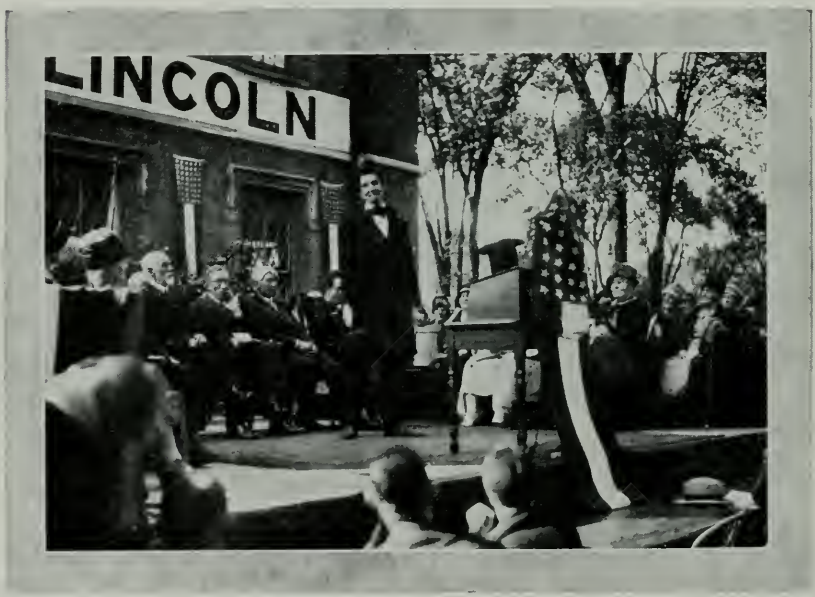
To Mrs. Cynthia Camp Brasfield,
Springfield, Illinois.

Woodford county, Illinois was organized in 1841. Its first county seat was Versailles, a village now off the map. Here the first circuit court was held in September of that year. About a dozen lawyers attended—a remarkable group for a pioneer settlement. The presiding judge was Samuel H. Treat, later Justice of the Illinois supreme court. Among the lawyers were David Davis, of Bloomington, later judge of the 8th judicial circuit, an associate justice of the United States supreme court and afterward United States senator; Edward D. Baker, later United States senator from Oregon; John T. Stuart, of Springfield, a member of Congress; and, Abraham Lincoln.

My father-in-law, Captain Wm. S. Magarity, was the Sheriff. One afternoon a case was called in which Lincoln was an attorney. He was not in the room. The sheriff found him out in the yard in a game of quoits with three neighboring farmers. When told that he was wanted in court he dropped his horseshoes and not stopping to put on his coat or button his collar he came in and took up the case. When it was disposed of he went back to his quoit pitching.

In 1844 the county seat was removed to Metamora, and for some years Lincoln attended the sessions of court there, making several rounds a year of the 18 counties of the 8th judicial circuit of Illinois. The village had two taverns—two-story frame buildings. One year my father was detained there as a grandjuror for about a week. On his return home he told us of one of "the most remarkable men that I have ever seen; a lawyer from Springfield, named Lincoln". This was father's account of him:—"In the evenings the guests from both taverns would gather in the barroom of the tavern where Lincoln put up, to listen to his narratives and anecdotes, and we farmers, who think we must be abed by nine o'clock at home, sat up there night after night till 12 or 1 o'clock to hear him talk". Lincoln was not famous then, but those level-headed pioneers were simply captivated by his personality. It must have been the same personal magnetism which later held me, a twelve-year-old boy, to a seat on a wagon wheel while Lincoln delivered a long speech from the vehicle.

In October 1856, Lincoln delivered an address in the Eureka College chapel, campaigning for Fremont, the first Republican candidate for the Presidency. The chapel was then on the lower floor of the only college building, a two-story brick. It was a pleasant, moonlight evening, and the chapel windows were open on both sides. Seated on the grass near the south side of the building was a bunch of two-score men and boys, who, when Lincoln began to speak commenced to yell, "Hurray for Fillmore! Hurrah for Fillmore!" Lincoln paid no attention to them. In a few minutes he put those of us who filled the room into a tumult of laughter and cheering, by some anecdote. In a few minutes it happened again, and the rowdies outside began to gather about the open windows to see what was going on. Soon they were all looking in at the windows, listening as interestedly as the rest of us. Another proof of his personal magnetism.



SCENE AT RE-ENACTMENT OF LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE ON THE KNOX COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Frank McGlynn represents Abraham Lincoln.

On the afternoon of October 7, 1858, I stood with about 20,000 other fans, on the campus of Knox College, at Galesburg, and listened for three hours to one of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas held in Illinois that year. Douglas spoke an hour, Lincoln an hour and a half and Douglas half an hour. Douglas had a booming bass-drum voice and made everybody hear. Lincoln, with his ringing tenor voice sent his words like bullets into every ear. But the moral tone of their speeches was as different as that of their voices. Douglas'

speech had no appeal to the conscience. He "did not care whether slavery was voted up or down" by his "popular sovereignty". Lincoln did care and denounced the wrong of slavery, saying, "if slavery is not wrong nothing is wrong".

The evening before the debate I boarded a train at Peoria on my way to Galesburg. Soon Lincoln came in attended by one man. They took a seat across the aisle from me. Lincoln wore a big gray shawl, and a somewhat rusty stovepipe hat, and carried a carpetbag. That was the way he went to his several debate appointments. Douglas went to them in an elegant special train with an elaborate cuisine and a brass band.

When Lincoln was splitting rails along the Sangamon he had as a companion and fellow-worker, Jim Sanders. Sanders was six feet four; just Lincoln's height, but he was a broader, heavier man, and of marvelous strength and physical endurance. He went about in the coldest weather wearing a light blouse, his flannel shirt open at the bosom. I saw him ride into Niantic one morning thus dressed when the thermometer was below zero. He had ridden from his home south of the Sangamon, facing the north wind, holding the bridle reins without gloves, for four miles. He came from the mountains of Tennessee and built the first home in that Sangamon region. He was an ardent Democrat; Lincoln was a Whig, but they were the best of friends. When early in 1861, Lincoln was leaving Springfield for Washington nearly all the people of the city and surrounding country were at the station to see him off. Just before he went aboard the train a gigantic man pressed his way through the crowd to bid him good-by. Lincoln grasped his hand and it was "Jim" and "Abe" as of old time. Sanders raised his hand aloft and said, "Abe you are going to be President. I ask of you that when you are in office you will do the right". Lincoln said, "Well Jim, I will if I know what it is". Sanders said, "I believe you". He was still a Democrat, but like thousands of other Democrats, he had faith that Lincoln would do right if he could know what it was.

Wife and I were living in Springfield in 1865. One bright, calm, warm spring day the news came that Lee had surrendered and that the war was ended. Business and the home duties were abandoned and nearly the whole population spent the day in Capitol Square (now the Courthouse Square), singing, laughing, talking and making merry. Within a few days came the word, "Lincoln was assassinated last night". Again business and homes were abandoned and the people gathered again in the Square, huddling together like cattle in a blizzard, trying to shield themselves from the pelting storm of grief. Springfield, Lincoln's home, was plunged from a higher zenith of joy and hope to a deeper nadir of grief and despair than any other community.

Eureka, Illinois, March 16, 1931.

ODE TO THE FLAG.

ALTHEA ELLIS.

"A woman took
The crimson dawns of bright American early skies
And rosy sunsets' hue;
She took the red of apples, and with happy eyes
And laughter, wove in, too,
The ruddy bloom of childhood cheeks and lips of red;
And these things done,
She covered all with her heart's blood, and proudly said
'It is but one, just one
Small part that I can give, that red bars may wave
In Old Glory.'

"A woman took
The white of fairy feather clouds high in the blue;
And far away on high
From lofty, stately mountains grand, in blue heights, too,
There in the azure sky,
She took the chaste, white purity of endless snow;
And carefully wove through
The hoary white of noble patriots' heads, and so
The pattern true
Was made for pure white bars to wave
In Old Glory

"A woman took
The blue of noonday skies, the blue of waters deep
And cool and clear,
And wove with it the loyal blue of eyes that keep
Away each tear,
By building high the fire of love for home and land.
She made the stars
From fragile dream hopes, sure the world would understand
Her stars and bars
Were just the life and love of all America
In Old Glory

"And man upheld
This precious, living symbol of a country's life,
And gladly gave his share;
He dipped the red in his own blood, and purged by strife,
His soul grew white and fair;
In every thought and deed, he upheld his country's name,
And proudly, to the blue
He gave the loyalty of love, and won the fame
That's ever given to
The red and white and blue that wave
In Old Glory."

OUR LAND.

KING.

The sun shines not upon, has never shone upon a land where human happiness is so widely disseminated, where human government is so little abused, so free from oppression, so invisible, intangible, and yet so strong. Nowhere else do the institutions which constitute a State rest upon so broad a base as here, and nowhere are men so powerless and institutions so strong. In the wilderness of free minds dissensions will occur, and in the unlimited discussion in writing and in speech, in town meetings, newspapers, and legislative bodies, angry and menacing language will be used, irritations will arise and be aggravated and those immediately concerned in the strife, or breathing its atmosphere, may fear, or feign to fear that danger is in such hot breath and passionate resolves. But outside, and above, and beyond all this are the people, steady, industrious, self-possessed, caring little for abstractions and less for abstractionists, but with one deep, common sentiment, and with the consciousness, calm, but quite sure and earnest, that in the Constitution and the Union, as they received them from their fathers, and as they themselves have observed and maintained them, is the sheet-anchor of their hope, the pledge of their prosperity, the palladium of their liberty; and with this is that other consciousness, not less calm and not less earnest, that in their own keeping exclusively, and not in that of any party leaders, or party demagogues, or political hacks, or speculators, is the integrity of that Union and that Constitution. It is in the strong arms and honest hearts of the great masses, and these masses, though slow to move, are irresistible when the time and the occasion for moving come.

"Our governments, national, state, and local, are continually importuned to do more for social betterment in one way and another, especially for education. Refusal is based on lack of funds. When it is remembered that one battleship represents an outlay sufficient for the establishment of a university, the possibilities from the reduction of expenditures for military purposes loom large. Think what could be done for education, for irrigation, for reforestation, in providing better housing conditions for the people, and in many other ways of like social significance with the expenditures made necessary by the fear of war."

—*United Nations.*

AMERICAN IDEALS.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

I'd rather be American than any other race I know;
I'd rather see the Stars and Stripes
Above me everywhere I go
Than any other flag that flies,
For no man, whosoe'er he be,
Can boast a better land than this which
Daily shelters mine and me.

THE MEANING OF COLUMBUS DAY.

EVERETT B. MERO.

Columbus Day, one of the newer holidays has not yet attained a definite character. The day offers a different problem from that of the Fourth; for the great majority of the population the day has no traditions. There is no standard method or plan of celebrating it. In some places there is still a little prejudice against it, due to a feeling that it belongs to the Knights of Columbus or to the local Italian societies. Only very slowly has the idea spread that Columbus Day is really one of the great holidays of all Americans.

It is a part of a big plan for using holidays as a means of promoting Nationalism among all the people who come hither from every corner of the earth.

There is an old saying which runs, "The unexpected always happens"; and the truth of it is well shown in the career of Christopher Columbus, in whose honor this holiday is kept. When Columbus set sail on the third day of August, 1492, on the voyage which was to prove of such immense importance to the whole world, he thought he was on his way to India. He stumbled on America, so to speak, and when he found himself among the islands now known as the Bahamas, he called them the "West Indies', and the natives "Indians".

"Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"He failed fulfillment of the task he planned,
And drooped a weary head on empty hand,
Unconscious of the vaster deed he'd done;
But royal legacy to Ferdinand
He left—a key to doorways gilt with sun—
And proudest title of "World-father" won!"

—GEORGE W. W. HOUGHTON.

"The fame of Columbus is not local or limited. It does not belong to any single country or people. It is the proud possession of the whole civilized world. In all the transactions of history there is no act which for vastness and performance can be compared with the discovery of the continent of America, "the like of which was never done by any man in ancient or in later times."

—JAMES GRANT WILSON.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND THE FLAG.

FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
Oh her years of prosperity past and in store,—
A hundred behind you, a thousand before!

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green field beneath us Equality's home;
But the school room today is Humanity's friend,—
Let the people the flag and the schoolroom defend!

'Tis the schoolroom that stands by the flag;
Let the nation stand by the school!
'Tis the schoolbell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY.

SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no questions; the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her king—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

ELECTION DAY.

WHITTIER.

This day is now a holiday so that every man may have an opportunity to cast his vote. Unlike most other holidays, it does not commemorate an event, but it is a day which has a tremendous meaning if rightly looked upon and rightly used.

"Today alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!"

THE LEONARD CRUNELL STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT DIXON, ILLINOIS.

A reproduction of the model for this statue appears on the front cover of this circular.

THE MARTYR CHIEF.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating as by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A seamark now, now lost in vapors blind,
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes:
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

THE EYES OF LINCOLN.

WALT MASON.

Sad eyes, that were patient and tender,
Sad eyes, that were steadfast and true,
And warm with the unchanging splendor
Of courage no ills could subdue!

Eyes dark with the dread of the morrow,
And woe for the day that was gone,
The sleepless companions of sorrow,
The watchers that witnessed the dawn.

Eyes tired from the clamor and goading,
And dim from the stress of the years,
And hollowed by pain and foreboding,
And strain by repression of tears.

Sad eyes that were wearied and blighted,
By visions of sieges and wars,
Now watch o'er a country united
From the luminous slopes of the stars.

THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN.

"Fit us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's eternal plan:
Content, by prairie, wood, and stream,
The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear,—
Then trustfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's grave
This many a year who lies—
Mother and wife, whose yearning soul
Looked sadly from her eyes—
Who, dying, called her children close
As the last shadow fell,
And bade them ever worship God
And love each other well—
Then to her forest grave was borne,
The wind her funeral knell!

So drear—so lone—who could have dreamed
The boy her bed beside,
Forth from that cabin door would walk
Among earth's glorified?
But, lo! his name from sea to sea
Gives patriotism wings;
Upon his brow a crown is set,
Grander than any kings;
And to these fameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! Still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound:
Still them that fear and follow Him
His angel campeth round;
And while by Indiana's woods
Ohio, murmuring, flows,
And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows—
While Lincoln's name is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Treasure the books that are worth rereading; and that makes you think—and Think. First; the vital elements of education depend not on schools, but the home and you. Second; that there is no estimating the power for good of one "small book" well absorbed. And the lifelong influence.

Few books, but choice, read o'er and o'er again
Before the fagot light;
Or in the Sabbath stillness of the woods,
And pondered, day and night.

—*Lincoln Lesson for Today.*
GARRET NEWKIRK.

LINCOLN SAYINGS.

CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

When urged to make a decision—he had learned long before "not to cross the Fox River" until he came to it.

He described his mind as like steel, which took impressions with difficulty, but having taken them, retained them indelibly.

"I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

"I have registered a vow in Heaven to preserve the Union."

"If I attempted to raise my voice in your defense, above my words, I would hear the voice of my conscience saying, 'Abe Lincoln, you're a liar; Abe Lincoln, you're a liar', and I cannot do it.

"You are a right smart-looking fellow, and I suggest that instead of trying to press this claim you make six hundred dollars in some other way."

Referring to his part in the Black Hawk War—"Lost much blood—to the mosquitoes."

Our moral and religious life will be safe; our Cities, States and Nation will be secure; the blessings of God will be vouch-safed to us, and to our posterity, as long as we cherish the life and imitate the example of Abraham Lincoln.

—*From Outstanding Days.*

A SOLITARY WAY.

"There is a mystery in human hearts, and though we be encircled by a host of those who love us well, and are beloved, to every one of us, from time to time, there comes a sense of utter loneliness. Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy, and cannot realize our bitterness.

"There is not one who really understands, not one to enter into all I feel"; such is the cry of each of us in turn, we wander in a "Solitary Way," no matter where or what our lot may be;

Each heart mysterious to itself, must live its inner life in solitude.

Selected by JOHN TIMOTHY STONE.

LINCOLN.

LINCOLN! When men would name a man
Just, unperturbed, magnanimous,
Tried in the lowest seat of all,
Tried in the chief seat of the house—

Lincoln! When men would name a man
Who wrought the great work of his age,
Who fought and fought the noblest fight,
And marshalled it from stage to stage.

Victorious, out of dusk and dark,
And into dawn and on till day,
Most humble when the paeans rang,
Least rigid when the enemy lay

Prostrated for his feet to tread—
This name of Lincoln will they name,
A name revered, a name of scorn,
Of scorn to sundry, not to fame.

Lincoln, the man who freed the slave;
Lincoln whom never self enticed;
Slain Lincoln, worthy found to die
A soldier of his captain Christ.

—*From MacMillan's Magazine, England.*

THE HEIGHTS BY GREAT MEN.

LONGFELLOW.

"The heights by great men gained and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards through the night."

"Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loath the sin;

"Could we know the power working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity."

LEADERS OF MEN.

Florence Earle Coates.

When they are dead, we heap the laurels high
Above them, where indifferent they lie;
We join their deeds to unaccustomed praise
And crown with garlands of immortal bays
Whom, living, we but thought to crucify.

As mountains seem less glorious,
Viewed to nigh,
So often do the great whom we decry
Gigantic loom to our astonished gaze,
When they are dead.

For, shamed by largeness, littlenesses die;
And, partisan and narrow hates put by,
We shrine our heroes for the future days,
And to atone our ignorant delays
With fond and emulous devotion try,
When they are dead!

—*The Book of Lincoln,*

Mary Wright Davis.

"Out of the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest heights."

—Emerson.

GREATNESS.

"I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear.
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God—that somehow true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who, by life heroic, conquers fate."

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

Disturb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep,
'Neath the bough of the willows that over him weep.
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heavens at night.

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er.
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore,
On the river's green borders, so flowery drest,
With the hearts he loved fondly let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of the freeman, 'tis liberty's mound.
Thy name is immortal, our freedom ye won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er.
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore,
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er a land that can boast of our Washington's grave.

—*Selected.*

MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

William Day

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er killed for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Caesar's name.
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;

And, O Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed;
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

—*From Washington's Birthday.*

By—Schauffler
Dodd, Mead & Company.

WASHINGTON.

SCHAUFFLER.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be the Citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the eagle's folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, right and justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by moderation, hovered over by the angel of Washington's example; may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave, who know the rights of man and shrink not from their assertion; may they be each a column and all together, under the Constitution a perpetual Temple of Peace, at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of liberty and brotherhood.

WASHINGTON.

IRVING AND FISKE.

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer luster and a more benignant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies, throughout our widely extended and diversified empire meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all the storms of party, his precepts and example speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal brotherhood, a watchword of our Union.

—*From Washington's Birthday.*

BY—SCHAUFFLER
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

Washington's relations with children are most interesting. He always wrote of them as the "little ones."

Through his life he adopted or assumed the expenses of nine of the children of his "kith and kin."

Dumas says that he arrived at Providence with Washington at night. "The whole population had assembled from the suburbs; we were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches, all were eager to approach the person of him whom they called their father, and pressed so closely around us that they hindered us from proceeding. General Washington was much affected, stopped a few moments, and, pressing my hand, said 'We may be beaten by the English, it is the chance of war; but behold an army which they can never conquer.'"

From Washington's Birthday,

BY—SCHAUFFLER
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

All honor to that day which long ago
Gave birth to him who Freedom's cause espoused;
Who, by his ardor in the sacred fight,
The fire and strength of patriots aroused;
Who knew no master, save that One Divine
Whose strength was his, who knew no fear save one—
The fear of doing wrong! All hail the day
That gave to Freedom's cause George Washington.

Years come and go, and generations fall
Into the dust. The world its heroes gives.
They step upon the stage, then pass away
And are no more, but Freedom ever lives.
And while it lives, and while its banner bright
Is upward flung into the golden sun,
Within the heart of every freeman's child
Will live that honored name, George Washington.

Then honor to the day that gave him birth,
For it is also Freedoms natal day.
Let all who worship Freedoms cause stand forth
And to his memory their homage pay.
And let each loyal son the work take up—
For, know ye, Freedom's work is never done—
And greater, grander, build the edifice
Begun so long ago by Washington.

"In the grandeur of his character and in the genius with which he accomplished a tremendous work, he is uncompanioned not only in America but in the history of the world."

—*From The Ifs in History.*

WASHINGTON.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Tis splendid to live so grandly
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a Nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum
Keeps its thought of your Natal day."

"Be assured Washington's influence carried this government."
—Monroe.

WASHINGTON.

James Russell Lowell.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldier eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours and all men's—
Washington.

"It is the policy of Washington, Jefferson and Monroe—peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all Nations.
—Grover Cleveland.

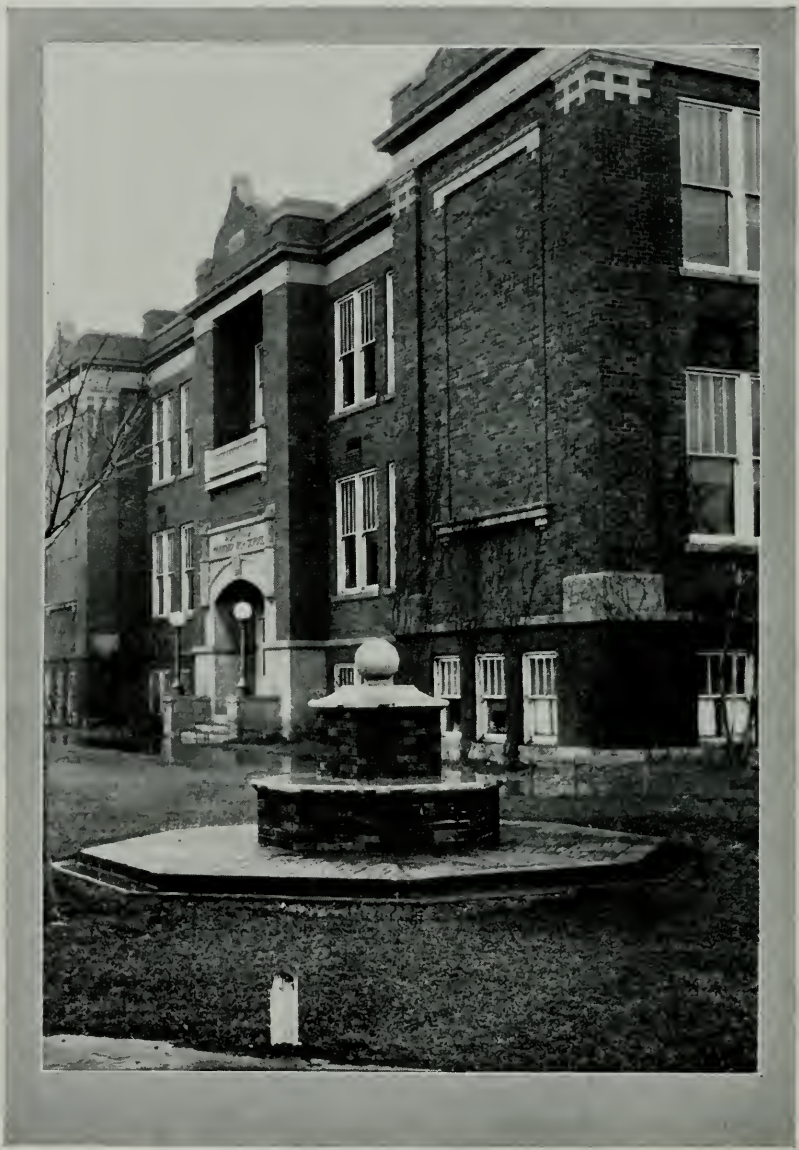
"Hail, patriot, chief, all hail! Historic fame in purest gold hath traced thy glorious name! Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun, and proud mankind its only Washington."

WASHINGTON.

Lord Byron.

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dare not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

"The country was an instrument with thirteen strings, and the only master who could bring out all their harmonious thought was Washington."
—Bancroft.



MEMORIAL "TO THE UNKNOWN TEACHER."

Before placement of bronze tablets inscribed with Van Dyke's tribute and the dedicatory inscription, Hopkins Township High School, Granville, Illinois.

IMPRESSIVE CLASS MEMORIAL PLANNED FOR HIGH SCHOOL AT GRANVILLE.

Dean M. Inman, Principal.

Many teachers unhonored and unnoticed have kindled the spark of divinity in their pupils and have set the young feet upon the ladder leading to good citizenship and achievement. Not all such teachers are in the service of the schools. Often they serve the community in other capacities, but whether parents, relatives or friends, teachers they are nevertheless, quietly going about doing good as did even the Great Teacher.

It is to honor these unheralded teachers as a group that the Hopkins Township High School class of '31 is sponsoring the erection of a memorial "To the Unknown Teacher" upon the high school campus at Granville.

Upon a massive steel-reinforced concrete octagonal base, sixteen feet in diameter, is constructed a masonry floor, four inches high also octagonal in form, about one and a half feet less in diameter than the concrete base. The masonry is laid in an artistic design. Farther in toward the center there is an octagonal seat of standard width and height, the back for which is composed of a square pillar surmounted by a decorative design.

There are to be four bronze tablets on the central square pillar. One of them will bear the dedicatory inscription, which is as follows:—

"To the unknown teacher who, unhonored and unnoticed, has kindled the spark of divinity in the learners of each successive oncoming generation patiently, persistently, effectively throughout the years, and has set the young feet upon the ladder leading to useful citizenship and achievement. Upon this foundation rests the welfare, the progress and the very existence of the nation."—Hopkins Class of 1931.

The other three tablets will carry the wonderful tribute "To the Unknown Teacher" by Henry Van Dyke:—

"I sing the praise of the Unknown Teacher. Great generals win campaigns, but it is the Unknown Soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the Unknown Teacher who delivers and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardship. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward.

—Stanley Tess.

MEMORIAL COLONNADE AT GRANVILLE.

The colonnade is reached by a seventy foot pergola leading from one of the secondary entrances of the school building.

"Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the Republic than the Unknown Teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic Aristocracy, 'King of himself and servant of mankind'."

The concrete and masonry part of the memorial is already constructed. The bronze tablets will go on in the spring and the dedication will occur simultaneously with the Hopkins Commencement exercises, Tuesday evening, June 2. Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, will give the dedicatory and commencement address. The baccalaureate service will be held Sunday afternoon, May 31 at the high school. Rev. W. C. Heyl of the Granville Congregational church will preach the baccalaureate sermon and music will be furnished by a union choir led by Joel W. Hopkins.

The memorial "To the Unknown Teacher" is one detail of the general Forward Movement program under process of development at Hopkins. It is located at the south-east corner of the high school building, harmoniously fitting into its surroundings and architecturally balancing the sun dial erected at the south west corner of the building by the Hopkins class of 1930.

Since the announcement some time ago of the intention of the Class of 1931, at Hopkins High School to erect the memorial to "The Unknown Teacher," a great deal of interest has been manifested on the part of educators and other leaders in public thought. Many letters have been received commenting on the memorial. Extracts from some of them indicate the character, variety and extent of the interest already shown.

Corwin O'Neal, Editor, LeGrand Reporter, LeGrande, Iowa.

"I want to say that is one of the finest ideas I ever heard of—honoring 'the Unknown Teacher'—and, mark my word, your memorial is not to be the *last* one erected, even if it be the *first*.

The idea will be duplicated elsewhere and I have wondered if educational journals know of what your senior class is doing over there in Granville. I intend to make it my business to give it a little publicity in the near future in my own community. It is worthy of wide knowledge."

Rev. Walter Spooner, Superintendent Congregational Conference of Illinois, Chicago, Illinois.

"Let me say that I feel that the Memorial is one of the finest and most significant things that has ever been devised to honor a representative of one of the greatest professions of them all. Just as when one stands before Cenotaphs or under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris where the French unknown soldier was laid, at whose resting place there is a living flame that is never extinguished, and his spirit is hushed in the presence of the accumulative heroism of all unknown ing knowledge have imparted the wealth of their own rich personalication, so at the Memorial erected at Granville there will come sweeping into the memories of all those who stand there as the years and the decades run their course, those men and women who in imparting knowledge have imparted the wealth of their own rich personalities to those whom they have taught and whose characters they have helped to form."

Willis A. Sutton, President National Education Association, Superintendent of Schools, Atlanta, Ga.

I have read with interest of the erection by the Hopkins Township High School at Granville, Illinois, of a memorial to the Unknown Teacher. I wish to congratulate the graduating class of 1931 on such an unusual project. As far as my experience goes there is no such memorial anywhere in existence and it ought to be one of the most interesting in all history.

I have thought hundreds of times of how many teachers without knowing it have stirred the inspiration and brought about marvelous results in the lives of individuals and how they completely passed out of the consciousness of that individual to the extent that not even their names were remembered, and yet the result of their work changed the current of a life, and possibly of history.

Such a memorial as you are erecting is one that will stir the imagination of our people and will bring into the consciousness of those who behold it the idea of thousands of people who have entered into their lives and who have passed out of their memory, but whose influence or power has become a permanent possession. I congratulate you upon this endeavor.

—Stanley Tess.

ENTRANCE TO THE CAMPUS OF HOPKINS HIGH SCHOOL.

Dr. A. E. Winship, Editor, Journal of Education, Boston, Mass.

"I am immensely pleased with your idea. I shall magnify it editorially soon."

F. G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Springfield, Illinois.

"I am especially interested in what your class of 1931 is doing for the unknown teacher. I shall want to know all of the details about it for possible use in our Memorial Day Book."

R. C. Moore, Secretary, Illinois State Teachers Association, Editor Illinois Teacher, Carlinville, Ill.

"Really, I can truthfully say that this idea and the way you carried it out impresses me deeply, and it is an inspiration to know that a community in Illinois has paid this tribute to the teacher.

"I am sure you will permit me to pass this item on to the other teachers of Illinois by publishing the material you sent me in the Illinois Teacher."

Joy Elmer Morgan, Editor, Journal of the National Education Association of the United States, Washington, D. C.

"Your erecting a permanent memorial to the 'Unknown Teacher' is an admirable project. It will help all the members of the school and community to understand the significance and importance of teaching. It would be a fine custom to re-dedicate the memorial once each year in order that each successive student body might have its attention brought to the work of education."

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

Governor Harry G. Leslie of Indiana, Indianapolis, Indiana.

"I think the idea suggested in your memorial is beautiful, and I know of no one who more beautifully could express ideas than Henry Van Dyke."

Louis L. Emmerson, Governor State of Illinois, Springfield, Ill.

"Your memorial to 'The Unknown Teacher' indicates a quickened appreciation of the services of those thousands of inspired men and women, who in their complete devotion to the highest ideals of the school room, have rendered to state and nation a debt beyond calculation.

"In their unselfish service, they must find their real compensation in the joy that is theirs in the opportunity to build character into the boys and girls with whom they come in contact. Architects and builders take stone and iron and create vast buildings; engineers take crude steel and shape giant bridges that open new avenues of transportation across our great rivers but the teacher takes life itself and guides it to its fulfillment.

"I unite with you in extending to those whose services have meant so much to our state, an expression of heartfelt appreciation which words are powerless to express."

William E. Hull, Congressman, 16th Illinois District, Washington, D. C.

"This is the first time a thought of this kind has ever been presented to me but I believe the proposition is an excellent one. I have read your description of the project, also the tribute by Henry Van Dyke and I believe that your class has had quite a wonderful vision of the whole subject and has approached it in a very intelligent manner.

"I can think of no better inscription for the memorial than the tribute by Henry Van Dyke and I know of no one better equipped to write one.

"I believe that into the life of every individual there has come inspiration and help from the most unexpected and sometimes the most humble source. Often times men and women who have lived their lives without educational advantages have spoken from a great experience, words of wisdom and philosophy that have startled the world.

"I once knew a great physician who told me that he owed a greater debt to an old plantation darkey for inspiration that had done more to mold his character than to any other teacher he had ever had.

"I believe there is in the recollections of every individual some teacher, perhaps to the world unknown, before whose memory he could well afford to bow with uncovered head."

PIONEER WOMANHOOD.

The Bryant Baker statue of a pioneer woman and her son erected at Ponca City, Oklahoma.

SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

A song for the early times out west,
And our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come.
A song for the free and gladsome life,
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling Heaven o'erhead!
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Some fifty years ago.

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer;
The camp, the big bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet sound sleep at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily passed the time despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Some fifty years ago.

We felt that we were fellow-men;
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand,
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky—
None other did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Some fifty years ago.

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round;
But here amid the green old trees,
Freedom was sought and found.

Oft thru our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not, tho they were but frail,
We felt they were our own.
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
'Mid verdure or 'mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Some fifty years ago.

But now our course of life is short,
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be Pioneers;
Yet, while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw,
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Some fifty years ago.

—*Published in an Atlas of Jackson Co., Ill., in 1878.*

THE PIONEERS.

Vivian Flaherty.

Across the burning plains they go their way
In solemn, sober, slowly moving train;
The oxen plodding onward through the day,
Insensible, oblivious to pain.
The trackless waste that stretches all around
Is even less than nothingness to them,
Save as it represents a piece of ground
They must traverse to gain a priceless gem.
O, sturdy, dauntless, noble pioneers,
How multiple a debt we owe to you,
Who crossed a continent in early years
To find a home in lands untried and new.
Although we have forgotten you it seems,
Your spirit lives on in a nation's dreams.

—*Magazine World, April, 1930.*

Modesto High School,
Modesto, California.
Lucetta Kellenbarger, Teacher.

AMERICA, I CAN.

IDA FLOOD DODGE.

Out from the human, seething mass
Of Ellis Island's gate I come;
A pilgrim groping in the night
Of foreign tongues,
A pilgrim searching for the light
Released from wrongs,
Released from fears,
That selfish kings, through countless years,
Have heaped upon the land
I loved, and once called home.

Out from a land despoiled
I come.
Oh teach me thy great Nation's plan
To live a true American.
I can, O Starry Flag, I can.

Out from a long distinguished line
Of noble patriots I come;
A citizen by right of birth,
A free-born son,
Inheriting the smiles of earth
That have been won
Through strength and prayer,
Through tears and sacrificial care,
Through loss of all the heart holds dear,
That this might be my home.

From such inheritance
I come.
Oh teach me now my Nation's plan
To live, a true American.
I can, O Starry Flag, I can.

HONOR OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

ANONYMOUS.

Memorial Day is consecrated to the soldiers; it is dedicated to patriotism; around this sacred day cluster precious memories of our fallen brave. Over the silent chambers of our sleeping comrades we wreathe garlands of flowers—symbols of our love and gratitude. These graves are the Nation's shrine, the Mecca to which patriots journey to renew their devotion to the cause for which these patriots died.

The fruits of their victories are a united country. This is a sacred heritage purchased by their valor and sealed by their blood.

History is their encomium.

Battlefields attest their courage.

"Sleep, heroes, sleep;
Your deeds shall never die."

URIAS J. HOFFMAN.

Born May 12, 1855; Died January 25, 1931.

Mr. Urias J. Hoffman was appointed State Rural School Supervisor in 1907. He was the first supervisor of that kind to be appointed in the United States. He did more than any other one person to lift the standard and improve the physical and instructional conditions of the one-room schools in Illinois.

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